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WE WILL GO TO CHURCH EVERY SUNDAY
WE WILL NOT SAY SPITEFUL THINGS
WE WILL BE ECONOMICAL
WE WILL BE CHEERFUL
WE WILL VISIT THE POOR

NEW YEAR'S REFLECTIONS ON LAST YEAR'S VOWS. —'Ram's Horn.'

Facing the New Year.

Mrs. Ayre woke on New Year's Day with a groan. It was a dark, drizzling morning. She had neuralgia in her right eye. The baby had screamed with colic half the night. Her husband had not given her a word of sympathy or kindness, though she knew he was awake. He had been moody and ill-tempered for days. Jane, the girl of all work, had given warning the night before. Worst of all, Robert, her eldest son, had not come home until midnight. He had fallen in with some idle fellows of late, and it was, she thought, owing to this companionship that his standing at college was so low.

She went downstairs, her soul feebly staggering under this burden of woes, and opened the windows.

'In my affliction I called unto the Lord,' she repeated, looking into the murky sky.

Suddenly a gust of sense and courage swept through her like a fresh wind. Afflicted? Why, God was behind all these petty worries, just as the sun was back of this drenching rain. Had she no faith at all? Was she to go with a whine and lamentation to meet the new year? God was in it, also.

She stiffened herself, body and soul. With the tears still on her cheeks, and the choking in her throat, she began to sing a gay little catch of which she was fond, and ran to her room again to put on a fresh collar and a pretty cravat. She had twenty thing-

to do before breakfast, but she sang on while she was about them. It was a foolish little song, yet out of it, a singular courage and life stole into her heart.

'With prayer and thanksgiving—and thanksgiving—make known your requests unto God,' she remembered. She passed through the kitchen, stopping to wish Jane a happy New Year, with a joke. The wish and the song and the joke fell into Jane's Irish heart like a blazing rocket into a dark place.

She chuckled as she stirred the porridge. The work at the Ayre's wasn't so heavy, after all, and herself had a pleasant way with her, and there was the prisints now and then. In two months she would have enough past her to send for her sister, an'—an' it's likely Tim Flaherty would be crossing about that time.

Jane brought in the breakfast with red cheeks and a broad smile. There was no more talk of warning from her.

Mr. Ayre, lying awake in bed, was tempted to wish the morning would never dawn. He was a close-mouthed, undemonstrative man, who shut his troubles down out of sight. But the weight of them just now was more than he could bear. Things were going wrong at the works; every day he discovered mistake. nd petty frauds. He was growing old; he was behind the times. Younger manufacturers were supplanting him in the market. Sharper eyes than his were needed to watch the men and the books. As far as his business was concerned, he was in a miserable blind alley, from which he saw no exit.

But the hurt that was sorest was no matter of business. Robert was low in his Greek class, and still lower in Latin. He was growing reckless, running with low companions. What he had hoped from that boy! For himself he had no ambition—but for Robert! He was to be a great lawyer like his grandfather. But here he was going to the dogs—at nineteen!

For days Mr. Ayre had borne his misery in grim, ill-humored silence. But now, in his stern despair, he felt that he had been silent too long. He would speak in a way which Robert would remember to his dying day. He got up, resolving as he pulled on his boots, that the boy would either turn over a new leaf that day or leave the house.

'If he is set on going to ruin, it shall not be under my roof! I'll not palter with him!' he thought, his jaws set and pale. 'I'll disown him.'

Just then a cheery song rang through the house. It was the very spirit of good sense and courage. Poor Hetty. she had been sick all night, and worried with that crying child, and there she was, facing the new year with a song! 'And I behaving like a brute to her,' thought Mr. Ayre.

He was very fond of his wife. As he stood shaving himself, he listened to her song and his lips trembled a little. Hetty used to sing Rob to sleep with that ditty when he was a baby. What a big fellow he was! Big in every way. There was never anything mean or sneaking about Rob—a headlong, affectionate, foolish lad.

He listened as he brandished the razor, holding counsel with himself in the glass. There could be no doubt that Hetty had twice his courage to face disaster. It was her faith, perhaps. As he laid down the razor, he nodded to himself, almost with a smile. 'I reckon I was too hard on the boy. I'll give him another chance.'

He heard Rob's step on the stairs, and opened the door, waiting.

Rob had wakened with an aching head. Defeat at school, the foul talk of his last night's comrades, his first drink of whiskey, all tore at the poor boy's brain. He rose sullen, and ready for fight. His father and mother would both attack him, no doubt. He was tired of lecturing. He would cut loose, and earn his own bread like a free man.

Just then his mother's voice reached his ears. It was full of tenderness and cheerful hope. It was that old song she used to be always singing. He listened with a forced scowl. But presently his face softened. Things insensibly began to look brighter. It was impossible that life had reached so terrible a crisis. There was the savory smell of breakfast coming up, and the children laughing, and his mother singing gayly. He came down the stairs with a sudden throbbing at his heart.

Could he go back and begin all over again? He had been an innocent boy a year ago. If father would only hear reason for a minute—

His father looked out of the door.

'Rob, my son,' he called, pleasantly.

'Yes, dad,' the boy answered, stopping eagerly.

'Come in; I want to have a minute's talk with you. You were out late last night. You are often out late.'

Robert looked him straight in the eyes.

'Yes, father; I've been in bad company. I know it. I'm ashamed of myself.'

'Your mother does not give you up,' said Mr. Ayre, irritably. 'She has faith in you. I don't see how she can begin the new year with a song. Between you, and the trouble at the works, I feel as if my reason was going.'

'What is wrong at the works?' said Rob, anxiously. 'Sit down, father. Don't give me up. Have a little faith in me. With God's help I'll start afresh. Don't give me up.'

Mr. Ayre looked sharply into the boy's face. It was honest; it bore the trace of no bad passion. Perhaps he had not understood Rob,—perhaps he had made some mistake in managing him.

'Why do you waste your time, and my money, Robert? You are doing no good in your studies'—

'Father,' said Robert boldly, 'I'll tell you the truth. I hate books. I never shall be a scholar. Let me go to work. Put me in the factory to learn the business. That is what I have wanted to do all my life. I don't care how hard the work is'—

Mr. Ayre's countenance changed, as if a cloud had vanished, and the whole face of the earth had lightened. Here was the answer to the riddle! Of course the boy was meant for business! Cool, shrewd, honest, wide-awake. Why had he been so blind?

'We must talk it over, Robert. We must talk it over.'

His voice fairly trembled with excitement. He shut the door.

Mr. Ayre was called half a dozen times, in vain, to breakfast. He came at last with Robert. The two men had bright, pleased faces.

'Well, mother,' cried Mr. Ayre, 'Rob and I have a grand scheme. He is to be my right hand man in the works. Confidential clerk until he learns the business, and then junior partner. What do you say to that? I declare I feel as if a mountain had been lifted from my back!'

Rob was standing behind his mother. He pulled back her head and kissed her. She said nothing, but the happy tears rained down her cheeks.

'I'm going to begin all over again,' he whispered.

'Thank God! I knew it would all come right.'

'Breakfast, breakfast!' cried Mr. Ayre, setting to work vigorously, while the children drummed on their platters. But Rob stood by his mother, gently stroking her hand.

'Dear old mammy!' he said; 'that was a good song of yours this morning!'

'Yes, Hetty,' said her husband. 'Your voice is as sweet as ever. But your heart seemed to be singing to-day, and to good purpose.'—'Congregationalist.'

The Old and the New.

The New Year came to the Old Year's door
When the sands were wasting thin;
And the frost lay white on the Old Year's thatch,
And his hand grew chill as he slipped the latch
To let the New Year in.

And the New Year perched in the Old Year's chair,
And warmed by the Old Year's fire;
And the Old Year watched him with wistful gaze
As he stretched his hands to the fading blaze,
And cinders of dead desire.

And the Old Year prated, as Old Years will,
Of summer and vanished spring;
And then of the future, with grave advice,—
Of love, and sorrow, and sacrifice,
That the seasons' round would bring.

And the New Year listened, and warmed his heart
In the bloom of the Old Year's past;
But he gave no heed of the thorns that lay
In the bud and blow of a coming day,
And nodding, he dreamed at last.

The New Year came to the Old Year's door
And warmed in the Old Year's chair;
And the Old Year talked till the New Year slept,
Then forth in the night he softly stepped,
And left the New Year there.
—'Harper's Bazar.'

Prayer For Peace.

God the All-terrible! King who ordainest
Thunder Thy clarion and lightning Thy sword;
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All-righteous One, man hath defied Thee;
Yet to Eternity standeth Thy word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All-pitiful, is it not crying—
Blood of the guiltless, like water outpoured?
Look on the anguish, the sorrow, the sighing;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All-wise, by the fire of Thy chastening
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored
Thro' the thick darkness Thy Kingdom is hastening
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

So shall Thy children in thankful devotion
Laud Him Who saves them from peril abhorred,
Shouting in chorus from ocean to ocean
'Peace to the nations and praise to the Lord.'
—H. F. C.

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN GENESIS.

Jan. 1., Mon.—There was light.
Jan. 2., Tues.—God created man in His own image.
Jan. 3., Wed.—Where art thou?
Jan. 4., Thurs.—Enoch walked with God.
Jan. 5., Fri.—I will remember My covenant.
Jan. 6., Sat.—Thou God seest me.

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How Marion was Led Into the Light.

(By Julia H. Johnston, in 'American Messenger.')

'Ought you not to do it, Marion? If you cannot look upon it as a privilege, do you not think it a duty?'

'Perhaps it is, Mrs. Vane, but it is such a hard duty. It seems to me impossible to take it up.'

Mrs. Vane looked longingly into the fair face of Marion Earle, one of her bright, attractive Sunday-school girls, for whom she had a particular tenderness. This was partly because the young girl was motherless, and partly because she had but lately given her heart to the Saviour, and the earnest teacher longed to guide the trembling steps into the way of peace. Just now they were talking of confessing Christ before men. Marion was naturally a timid girl, and she shrank from a public profession of her faith, because she had no courage to go before the church officers to be admitted to membership, nor to come out before everyone on the Sabbath-day.

'Everybody would look at me and I should be sure to think of that, and not of what I was doing,' she said, in real distress. 'Then, if I united with the church, more would be expected of me, and I should disappoint people.'

'What people think or expect makes no difference with duty, nor with what our Lord expects, dear girl,' said Mrs. Vane, 'You are under obligation to live a Christian life, just the same, whether you join the Church or not, because you have pledged yourself to the Lord Jesus; but unless you do as he would have you do, how can you expect the help he has promised to those who run in the way of his commandments? Your duty is the same every day, but you make it harder by not taking one of the strong helps Jesus gives, when he says, "Do this in remembrance of me."'

Here the talk was interrupted, and the two parted. Marion was very unhappy. No one could come so near to her as Mrs. Vane, who understood and loved her, and the shy girl opened her heart to her, all the more because her father, to whom she was devoted, had for a long time been absent from home, Marion knew in her secret heart that she ought to confess her Saviour; but she would not acknowledge it even to herself. Meanwhile conscience, that could not yet win her to the way of joy, at least prevented her from being happy in following her own way. The power of conscience to make us unhappy is a blessed thing; it drives us in the right way, when we will not be drawn.

The following Sunday Marion sat in church service, hoping to hear something that would help her. The sermon was addressed principally to church members, and was full of comfort and courage, but she told herself perversely; It is not for me, and sighed, and wondered what could be the trouble.

The time came for the morning offering, A gentleman in a side-pew left his seat and stepped to the front to take the collection basket. His wee daughter, at church for the first time, had been very good throughout the first part of the service, but growing tired, had slipped into the vacant pew alongside—had gradually stolen quietly to the end of it. Now, as her father passed down the aisle next her, the little one looked after him in wonder, and then trotted down the broad aisle, following in his steps. It would have been impossible to make the baby understand that she must go back, without frightening and grieving her; so, up and down went the flutter of her white dress, and when the collectors came up to the pulpit with the offerings, and the minister asked a blessing upon the gifts, as they stood with bowed heads, little Edith waited near her papa, looking only at him, with wondering and trusting gaze, unafraid and unaware that everyone was looking at her.

Marion was much touched by the tender incident, for baby looked so sweet and winsome that no one there would have forbidden her to take her own way.

Mrs. Vane sat opposite, and in glancing at her, Marion saw the light of a happy thought break over her face, and said to herself, 'I wonder what it makes her think of.'

When she turned to greet her teacher after service, Mrs. Vane took Marion's hand and detained her till none were near enough to hear, then she looked into her face, and said earnestly:

'Edith is a very timid child. Generally she would have been frightened at the sight of so many people looking at her, but she did not think of that. She followed her father where he went; he was before, and that was enough for her. Do you understand? Think about it, dear.' And Mrs. Vane turned away, and was gone in a moment.

But Marion went home to think, and the sentence, 'She followed her father,' repeated itself in her memory like the music of a silver bell. How she loved her earthly father. She knew she would follow him anywhere, unconscious of surroundings, if only she might see him, after his long absence. A new sense of the real Fatherhood of God thrilled her, and with the loving thought came a longing to follow him, which cast out the fear of what people might say or how they might watch her. Then, remembering, though not quite distinctly, the words her teacher had quoted to her, 'Come out from among them, be ye separate—and I will receive you and will be a Father unto you—said the Lord Almighty,' she resolved to cast herself upon his mighty arm, and before she slept she said fervently, forgetful of what had so hindered her before, 'I will follow my Father.'

So Marion came into the light, led by a little child.—'American Messenger.'

'Hail and Farewell.'

Good-bye, kind Year! we walk no more together,
But here in quiet happiness we part;
And from thy wealth of faded fern and heather,
I take some sprays and wear them on my heart.

Good-bye, Old Year! with words of grace,
Leave us to him who takes thy place;
And say, Old Year, unto the New,
Kindly, carefully, carry them through,
For much, I ween, they have yet to do!

So the tale of the months is told,
Ever new and ever old,
Ever sad and ever gay,
As the years go on their way.
With a smile and with a tear,
Cometh, goeth, each New Year.
—Waif.

Why He was not Ashamed

'But, Mary, she is such a dowdy. She dresses in such a queer way. People look and smile and make remarks. Why doesn't she dress like Mrs. Westman?'

'If we were as well off as the Westmans I suppose she might,' answered Mary, pausing to take her hands from the dishwater and shake the drops from them before she should take another towel and help Dick with the wiping.

Dick objected to washing dishes, and had done it this evening under protest. It being done under protest, it didn't move very fast, you know. Dick objected to several other things. He was thirteen years old and knew a great deal more than he would when he was thirty. He felt himself quite a smart young man, and liked to appear well among people. He had begun to notice lately that when his mother went to church or away from home, which she seldom did, that her dress was old-fashioned and odd-looking, and contrasted strangely with the fashionable and smart-looking attire of the neighbors; and it wounded Dick's sensitive pride.

Of course he could not say anything to his mother because he really loved her; but there was Mary—he could talk to her, and maybe she would drop a hint to their mother, and something would be done to save his feelings. It was true there was not much money to spend for dress in the household, and, so far, Dick had managed to get rather more than his share of the outlay. But he did not think of that. He only thought of what a humiliating thing it would be to have to go to the picnic tomorrow, with his mother wearing that old-fashioned, tight-sleeved dress, when all the other ladies wore full sleeves, and that dowdy of a bonnet, which had not seen the milliner's shop for ever and ever so many years.

'So you are ashamed of your mother?' Mary put it straight at him, as her brisk fingers made the tea-towel fly over the cups and saucers and plates.

'Why, yes,' Dick admitted before he could check himself; and then, with an indignant flush upon his face, he said: 'That is, I'm not just ashamed. But who wouldn't care about her looking so?'

'I'm sure I don't care very much, as long as she is the dear, kind mother she is,' said Mary, 'and I hate to say anything to her about it.'

'Then I'm going to,' said Dick, stiffly, setting his lips together.

'I wouldn't if I were you,' said Mary.

'Yes I will,' reaffirmed Dick. 'If she does not care for her own sake, she ought to care for ours. Yes, I am a little bit ashamed of her—that is, of her clothes.'

Mary said nothing more; but she was a sensible girl, and was thinking all the time. Presently, when the dishes were finished, she said quietly, resuming the subject: 'Dick, do you suppose your mother was ever ashamed of you?'

'She never had any reason to be,' answered Dick. 'I've never done anything to cause her shame, have I?'

'"All these have I kept from my youth up,"' quoted Mary, with sly sarcasm. 'But I wasn't meaning that,' she added, as she saw the flush on Dick's face: 'I meant of your appearance.'

'No,' answered Dick shortly, 'I guess I manage to keep myself looking about as well as any boy in town considering—'

'I said "ever,"' replied Mary, cutting short what Dick was going to 'consider,'—

something about their straitened finances, probably. 'Come here, Dick; I want to show you something.'

He followed his sister somewhat reluctantly to the parlor, Mary dived down under the centre table, and brought out a square pasteboard box in which were kept photographs. Reaching down under the cabinet photographs she fished out of the box a square tintype, and held it before Dick's gaze.

As he looked at it a deeper flush came over his face than any that had yet mantled it. It was the picture of a very young baby—probably not more than a month old. The artist had taken a great deal of pains with it to make it lifelike by going over it and coloring it by hand. Dick wished now that the fellow hadn't been so conscientious. It represented a flabby-cheeked, red-faced baby, with weak, watery, blinking eyes, devoid of any vestige of eyebrows, and surmounted by a crown which was equally bald of every semblance of hair. The nose was pudgy, and about as unprepossessing as a new-born baby's nose could be. The mouth was sprawling and decidedly ungraceful in its outline, while the features were contorted into a grimace, which was undoubtedly the only method, except a wailing cry, the owner had at the time of expressing his approbation. Taken altogether, it was about as unattractive a countenance and as little calculated to provoke pride in the heart of any one, as could be conceived.

The red of Dick's flush grew deeper and deeper as he gazed upon it, until at last, with an impatient movement of his hand, he pushed it aside, demanding of Mary, 'What did you get that thing out for?'

'Just to let you see it, and ask you the question,' she replied, 'If you don't think mother had as good a right to be ashamed of your appearance then as you have of hers now?'

'I suppose she had,' Dick admitted, somewhat ungraciously.

'But I want to tell you that she wasn't in the least,' replied Mary. 'She was as proud of you as if you were the most beautiful cherub in existence. She called you her dear, sweet, beautiful baby, and uncovered your face to exhibit you to everybody who came to the house with all the pride imaginable.'

'That was just a mother's folly,' growled Dick.

'It was a mother's intuition, I think,' replied Mary. 'In that little dough face, with a complexion like a boiled lobster she saw the boy and the man that was to be. And I think if we look beyond mother's dress sleeves and bonnet, we shall always be able to see a nature that is so sweet and lovely that we shall never think of being ashamed of our mother, no matter how much like a dowdy she looks outwardly.'

'Yes, you are right, Mary,' said Dick in a low tone 'you always are. Put that thing away, and let's get up some sort of a pleasant surprise for mother, and make her enjoy the picnic to-morrow.'—J. F. Cowan, in N. Y. 'Observer.'

The Old Year and the New.

(Lucy Bennet.)

The Old Year taketh down her tent,
Beneath the midnight sky,
For many a stormy wind hath rent
The canvas stretched on high.
But lo, New Year, with silent tread
Her snow whiate canopy doth spread.
Meet shelter for the heaven-bound traveller's head!
—'The Christian.'

Baby Bess and the Missionary Collection.

There was a great stir in the Livingston household during that week in December. Every one of the five older members felt that honor had been thrust upon them, when Baby Bess, the little four-year-old sister, had been specially invited by the Ladies' Missionary Society to sing at their social. Now, I should explain that a social, or, in fact, an entertainment of any kind, was an almost unheard of thing in the little town of Minersburg; for it was such a small place, and the people were so hard-working that they had little time for anything but bread-winning.

This year, however, a foreign missionary had come into their midst, and stirred their hearts with his story of the sin and suffering in heathen lands, so that the fourteen women who composed the society in the only church in Minersburg resolved that they would help on the good work. Although the number was small, their hearts were warm, and you know that is what helps the cause of missions.

Much money had come from the mines in this place, but it had been carried off by capitalists to the large city forty miles distant, so that Minersburg had no rich families, but many poor. The Livingstons were perhaps the best off, and Tom, the ten-year-old son, used to think, when he looked at Baby Bess, that no one in the world had so much to be thankful for as they. I regret to say that Thomas sometimes indulged in very opposite feelings when he was not looking at Baby Bess.

But I must tell you of her. She was a dear, winsome little maid, only four years old, with the most beautiful blue eyes and curly golden brown hair. Everyone who saw her remarked her beauty, but, after all, it was her sweet and kind little way that made people love her. She couldn't talk very plainly, but she could sing, and all day long her childish treble would be heard through the house, singing snatches of hymns or songs, which she learned at Sabbath-school, or her sister Belle had taught her. Baby Bess had never sung in public, and her father and mother were afraid she would be frightened, but after the first rehearsal they were satisfied that their little girl was too interested in her performance to think of herself. The hymn she was to sing was the old familiar, 'Over the Ocean Wave,' and she would repeat with startling emphasis, 'Pity them, pity them, Chris'an' at home,' till the childish pronunciation seemed a direct appeal.

Until this time the weather had been almost warm and quite damp, but before the eventful day a cold wave came and with it a heavy snow, so that by morning the drifts were so high that the committee were very low-spirited, fearing that no one could reach the church. Baby Bess was the only interested person who was not anxious or discouraged; she thought the great white world 'bootiful,' and clapped her hands at her brothers, who were kept busy shovelling walks. 'I think the poor heathen should pity us to-day,' Tom had said, disgusted at the extra work imposed upon him.

There was someone else who was disgusted at the weather, and that was Mr. Cyrus Mannington, who was domiciled at the little hotel across from the church, and who was shivering over the office stove. Mr. Cyrus Mannington was a very rich man from the city, who had come up the day before on business, and was now compelled to stay shut up in the hotel because the train could not get through the drifts twenty miles above. He fussed and fumed, but it did no good—he could not move out of Minersburg till the next day. He was not patient, either. Although he had so much money he was a disappointed man, and had been the greater part of his life. Many years before, his beautiful wife had died, and four years later his little daughter May, whom he loved so dearly. Since then he had devoted his talents to money-making, and in that he had been very successful, but he had fallen short of many things in so doing. Having spent a very cold and miserable day, he began to wonder if there was no place in that town where he could find a good fire. Going to the window he saw the little church across the way brilliantly lighted, and looking like a gigantic firefly in the snow, and he could see the people, little and big, hurrying thither. Now, Mr. Cyrus was opposed to churches; in fact, he hadn't been in one for a number of years, and he knew almost nothing about the heathen; but, having suffered from the cold all day, he decided to go over and see if it was any warmer at the social. He bundled up, and started, smiling to himself at the idea of his going to a church social. He paid the fifteen cents necessary to get in, and quite startled the doorkeeper by telling him to keep the change from a dollar, adding 'for the cause,' as he had often heard good people say. He wasn't interested, and as the room was very warm he got drowsy, and almost fell asleep, when suddenly he heard a baby voice ringing out, 'Over the Ocean Wave, far, far away,' and looking up he saw what seemed to him almost a vision—lovely little Baby Bess in a white gown, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes shining, while she repeated,

'Pity them, pity them, Chris'an' at home!

Haste with the bread of life, hasten and come!'

Mr. Cyrus Mannington had a very curious sensation, just then. Some memories were stirred, and, when the collection-basket came round he surely was dreaming, for he put in a fifty-dollar bill. The committee were astonished when they came to count, and knowing that no one in the church could have given so much, they announced that some mistake had been made, as a fifty-dollar bill was found in the basket. Then Mr. Cyrus Mannington rose in the back of the church, and said: 'My friends, there is no mistake; the money is for the heathen, and now I have the request that the little girl who has sung for us will repeat her song.'

Baby Bess, meantime, thoroughly done out, had fallen asleep, but was wakened and put on the platform almost before she knew it. Once more she started to sing, but when she came to the chorus she only got as far as 'Pity them—' when, giving a tired yawn, she stretched out her arms to be taken down. It was the millionnaire, Mr. Cyrus Mannington, with a tender thought for his little May, who lifted her down, and carried her to her mother.

Before he went back to the hotel he had given the good people of Minersburg his cheque for one hundred dollars, one half for the heathen, and the other for their own church work. Two weeks later, on Christmas Eve, Baby Bess received a big box with a doll in it, which had come from Paris, and pinned on its dress was a card with these words written on it: 'From Mr. Cyrus Mannington, with love for the little girl who taught him to "Pity them."'—'Presbyterian Messenger.'

Experimental Abstinence.

('Temperance Record.')

In the early stages of the temperance reformation when the practice of abstinence was regarded by many as a somewhat hazardous experiment, it was no uncommon thing for teetotalers to take the pledge for periods of one month only, in order to test its practicability, and he was considered a man of unusual courage, if not lacking in prudence, who declared he had no fear of sustaining physical injury by abandoning at once and forever the ordinary use of intoxicating beverages. It was not long, however, before the force of this difficulty was lessened by the personal experience of men and women in various conditions of life who allied themselves with the new enterprise, and gradually reached the conviction that the dangers attendant upon moderate drinking were much greater than those arising from abstinence; while many were evidently astonished at the improvement in personal health that followed a change of habit which they solely adopted as a means of influencing others. We have known delicately nurtured ladies, engaged in district visiting and other works of benevolence, who abandoned with fear and trembling the glass of wine which had hitherto been considered as indispensable to the maintenance of health and strength, and found themselves much stronger and better fitted in every way for successful work amongst the poor after becoming abstainers.

Several clergymen who were personally known to us had a similar experience. A venerable church dignitary connected with a noble family, who took a special interest in soldiers, and did much to promote their welfare, became impressed with the idea that his power to help would be greatly augmented if he were able to talk to them as a personal abstainer, and asked his medical adviser if he might with safety try the experiment. That gentleman did not altogether approve of his patient's views, but thought that no great harm would result from a trial of six months, and suggested that if his weight were not diminished at the end of that time he might conclude that his health had not been injured. The experiment proved to be perfectly satisfactory, not only for six months only, but till the end of his useful life, some years later, and he always felt indebted to the temperance movement for the opportunity it afforded him of influencing the military men and others whose highest interests he assiduously sought to advance.

Another excellent clergyman with whom we had much pleasant intercourse about thirty years ago, had a still more remarkable experience. He had never enjoyed very robust health, and on reaching middle life his strength broke down so completely that he was compelled to relinquish his parochial duties. He consulted numerous physicians, most of whom recommended him to spend a year or two in foreign travel, and when the question of drink was introduced they were unanimous in recommending some kind of alcoholic liquor, but differed widely as to the special sort most suitable for his special case, one man stating that he must on no account take what another had strongly recommended. After travelling for several years with scarcely any perceptible benefit, our friend returned home, and when on a visit to a relative in Gloucestershire, was told of a clever physician in the neighborhood whom his friend strongly recommended him to consult. His reply was to the effect that he was tired of medical men and was not at all disposed to see any more of them, but when asked if he would meet this doctor if they invited him to dinner, he said he could not be so churlish as to decline the company of any one to whom they might extend such an invitation. When they met two or three days after at the social board, the doctor and the invalid were mutually attracted to each other, and the clergyman gave a full description of his case and anxiously inquired if the physician could do anything for him. To this the doctor replied that he could have spoken more hopefully if application had been made to him at an earlier stage of his long illness; but he was quite willing to try what could be done if the would-be patient would promise to follow his instructions. He at once gave the assurance required, but was strongly inclined to withdraw his assent when informed that the first requirement was that he should abandon entirely the use of all kinds of alcoholic liquors. 'I could not possibly do that,' exclaimed the patient; 'being so weak that I am unable to dress in the morning until fortified by a stimulant.' 'So much the more need,' replied the doctor, 'for the course I recommend.' From that evening the clergyman became a rigid abstainer from alcoholic liquors, and having also followed his medical adviser's suggestions as to diet, exercise, and other hygienic adjuncts, his shattered health was so completely restored after a few months that his professional duties were resumed and carried on with increased earnestness and vigor till the close of a long life that was largely devoted to the welfare of others.

Two Roof Stories.

Here are two strange roof stories for the children; they have at least the merit of being true.

The Cincinnatian vouches for the first. The children in a farmhouse in northern Germany, two summers ago, found that a stork was going to build its nest on their roof. They had been told that this was a sign of good luck, so they fed the stork all summer until it grew quite tame.

When autumn came, knowing that the stork would leave them, they wrote a letter, setting forth their pet's virtues and cleverness, telling how dear it was to them, and begging the people to whom it came, in whatever far country, to be kind to it. They all signed their names, and tied the letter under the bird's wing.

Winter passed and spring came, and one bright morning there stood the stork again upon the roof! And under its wing was tied another letter. It was from a missionary in Africa, to whose house the stork had come. He said he was sure that the children who had been kind to a bird would be sorry for the black children among whom he lived, whom a famine and fever had brought into sore want, and that they would help him to save them.

The next letter that the children wrote went to Africa by mail, and carried friendly words and substantial help from them and their friends. So it was that the poor dumb stork did God's work.

The other story was told twenty years ago by a venerable minister, then in charge of the Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church in this country. During one day with a friend in New York, he told of the hardships borne in winter by certain missionaries to the Indians in the far West.

Two children at the table listened eagerly, and consulted when they were alone as to how they could earn money to help these poorly clothed and half-starved men. They lived in the fourth story of an apartment house. 'If we were in the country,' said the girl, 'we could raise cows and sheep. But here—'

The boy's eyes flashed. 'Here we can raise chickens—on the roof!'

The fenced-in roof was already their playground. They bought in the market their 'stock' of two or three fowls, fed them well, and soon had fresh-laid eggs to sell to the other tenants in the house for their breakfast. When summer was over, they brought their small earnings to their old friend in a tiny purse.

As the clergyman made his rounds among the wealthy churches of the country, he told the story of the poor workers for Christ in the West, and of the work of the children upon the roof. The story of 'that little purse brought in thousands of dollars to our Indian mission,' he said.—'Youth's Companion.'

The Old Year.

(By Lotta Miller, in 'American Messenger.')

Of its words of comfort spoken,
Of its joys, give we no token
To the swiftly dying year?
While we sorrow o'er its sadness,
Shall we pass by all its gladness,
All remembrance of its cheer?
Nay; the sorrows we have known,
And the winds that chill have blown,
Only make it the more dear,
And we, weeping, say adieu,
As we welcome in the new.

A TRIBUTE FROM MANITOBA.

'CANADA'S BEST EDUCATOR.'

The 'Witness' has a number of namesakes, publications for the most part started by 'Witness' admirers and in realms purely religious. The 'Prairie Witness' is one of these, and, from small beginnings, like its great ancestor, bids fair to keep pace with the growth of its constituency. It is to be hoped that its interests will widen with its influence till it discuss from the Christian standpoint the great temporal questions of the day, both political and economic, local and national, for they all tend to bring about or delay the time when the Kingdom of our Lord shall be established.

In its issue of Dec. 1 the 'Prairie Witness' says: 'Now is the time to decide upon what papers you are going to read during the year, and we hope to give you some assistance in this matter.

'First, we say—what we believe no one will dispute—that the Montreal 'Witness' is by far the best educator in Canada.

'It has done more to make Canada what it is than any other paper in the Dominion. We say this with great assurance, because we believe it true. It has the growth and character of over fifty years' well-doing, and it is everywhere held in respect for its work's sake.'—'Prairie Witness.'

CAPE COVE, QUE.
Dec. 11, 1899.

Dear Sirs,

I value the 'Witness' highly and have always been glad to express my opinion about it.

So far as I know, it is, I think, the most useful paper published in Canada. The leaders and notes on the War Situation are always remarkably well done.

I herewith enclose amount of my subscription.

I am, dear Sirs,

Yours faithfully,

REV. WILLIAM G. LYSTER.

The Poor Widow.

One day Jesus was sitting in the Temple, and many came and put money in the boxes, which were put there on purpose. This money was given to pay for the things used in the worship of God, and so it was really given to God Himself.

THE POOR WIDOW.

A poor widow came in and put two mites in the box. Jesus saw her do it, and told those around Him that she had put in more than all the rich people who had brought gold and silver.

Perhaps you will say, 'How can that be?'—for two mites make only a farthing.

But Jesus told them what He meant. The rich people still had plenty of money left, but the poor widow had put in all she had.

Perhaps we can only do very little things for God—just give a loving smile or a kind word. But God sees these things quite as well as He does great ones, and if we do all we can He does not think it little.—'Our Little Dots.'

Dora's Resolution.

'Wish you happy New Year!' called Dora, from her pillow, to her sister Agnes, who stood before the dressing-table, brushing her curls. 'What makes you get up so early? It isn't breakfast-time yet. It is so warm and cozy here in bed, I'm going to lie here and think up lots of good resolutions for the new year. Then I can write them out after breakfast. Why don't you make some resolution, Agnes?'

'I don't know. I hadn't thought about it,' replied the little girl. 'I have been hurrying to get dressed, for I was afraid mamma would want me. Freddie has been crying all the morning.'

'Fred is such a cry-baby!' returned Dora. 'Well, perhaps I'd better get up, seeing you are all ready to go down. Tell mamma I am coming right away,' and she crawled out of bed as Agnes closed the door.

Dora reached the dining-room just as her mamma and sister set the breakfast on the table. Freddie had been restored to good humor, and everybody seemed very happy as they gathered around the first morning meal of the new year. Bright faces, merry voices and good wishes made it a charming family group.

'Shall I wash or wipe the dishes?' asked Dora.

'Oh, I'll wash them, and you can wipe them,' said Agnes, 'for you'd rather, and I don't care.'

'Well, then I'm going up-stairs to write out my New Year's resolutions; I'll be down by the time you have the dishes ready to rinse,' and Dora ran up to her room.

Dora spoiled several sheets of paper before she had her resolutions written to suit her. Finally she read them over with a certain degree of pride:

New Year's Resolutions
of Dora Buckingham Prescott.

'I will get up early in the morning and help mamma with the breakfast.

'I will go to bed at night without making a fuss about it.

'I will dress Freddie every morning.

'I will take my turn at washing the dishes, even though I like better to wipe them.

'I will dust the parlor every day, and not leave it for Agnes.

'I will not forget to make the beds when it comes my week.

'I will take care of my bird every morning.

'I will amuse Freddie, and not be cross to him once this year.

'I will sew on my buttons without being told.

'I will not let Agnes do my share

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Correspondence

The Glad New Year.

Dear Boys and Girls—I wish you all a very Happy New Year.

What are you going to do to make this year the most beautiful year that you have ever lived.

In all the joy of Christmas time what have you been doing to make other people happy ?

There are many little children for whom nothing is provided to make them a merry Christmas. There are children who have no toys, there are children who have not even shoes and stockings in this cold weather. God does not forget them, he loves them and wants you to help give them the things they need. When our loving heavenly Father sees a poor person who needs food and clothing, He does not drop down clothes out of heaven, but He says to some of His children, there is a person in want, take some food and clothing to him and tell him that I love him. But God's children are not always obedient to his voice, and so the poor people are left to starve and to think that God does not love them. When you hear God's voice, obey it at once. God never tells anyone to do wrong.

There are a great many people who have enough to eat and to wear, but have very little to feed their minds, that means they have no good papers or books to read. What would you do if you never had the 'Messenger' or any good paper or book to read ? I know a Missionary who sends the 'Messenger' every week to a girls' school (English) in India, and the girl who gets it first is thought so lucky, all the other girls stand round and beg to read it next ! I know by hearing from hundreds of our readers that the 'Messenger' is loved and appreciated wherever it goes. You could not make a gift that would cost so little and be so much appreciated as the 'Messenger.' I know of a good many persons who would be glad to get the 'Messenger' and pass it on to those who have no good reading. Perhaps you can each think of some one you would like to send the 'Messenger' to for a year and thus do a little Missionary work.

Thousands of poor people in India are starving just now—another terrible famine has come to them. I will tell you more about it in a week or two, and we will receive and send on any money that you can gather for these poor starving people. Be thinking about it and praying for them.

Do not forget to pray for the nations at war in South Africa. Some children's fathers are there. And many of those brave men can never come home again, they may never see their children again in this world. Pray that God will bring peace out of all the trouble and that the war may be quickly ended. 'Peace on earth, good will among men.'

Will you make this New Year a year of special kindness, thanksgiving, obedience and love ?

Your loving friend,
THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

Carbonear, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I have no sisters or brothers; but I have a lovely tortoiseshell cat, named Lady Henry. I have a little cousin that comes to spend a day with me now and then, so I am not very lonely.

FLORRIE S. G., aged 9.

Fulton's Mills, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country, about four miles from Harriston. Father keeps the post-office. He owns a saw-mill.

JANET C., aged 13.

Charlton, Ala.

Dear Editor,—I live in south-east Alabama, on a farm where we raise cotton, corn, sugar-cane, rice, and tropical fruits. I don't suppose any of your Northern readers ever saw any cotton growing. I plough, and like it very much. We have a railway within twenty steps of the gate. I see the train nearly every morning, and at night. In the fall of the year they are all loaded with cotton and watermelons.

JESSE D. S., aged 14.

Forest, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am sending you a poem that once appeared in the 'Northern Messenger' a number of years ago. Would you be kind enough to have it printed again, so that the boys and girls who read the 'Messenger' may enjoy it too. I have it in a scrap-book and often read it to my little brother.

I am eleven years of age and owing to poor health cannot go to school. My brother Chester takes the 'Northern Messenger' and we all love it. I have seven brothers and two big sisters. I have one sister teaching school in British Columbia. We expect to go there next summer and make our home there and the 'Northern Messenger' will follow us. We are looking forward to a merry Christmas and a visit from dear Santa Claus. Wishing you all the compliments of the season.

HAZEL M.

SANTA CLAUS.

Old Santa lives in a world of snow,
Oh, ever so many miles away !
And a hard working man is he I know,
Who never forgets the Christmas day.

Balls and trumpets, and horses and cows,
Bats and rackets and soldiers and tops,
Cats and dollies, and fluffy bow-wows,
He's always making, and never stops.

For pictures he paints, and books he writes,
Looks after the garden of Christmas-trees,
He stays up ever so many nights,
Doing his best the children to please.

His bands of babies all dressed in skins,
(For, up at the pole it's awful cold)
He paints the noses, and cheeks, and chins,
Of waxen dollies with hair of gold.

He makes plum-pudding and sugar sticks
Taffy, and jellies and lollipops,
Chinese lamps and boxes of bricks—
Just all the everythings seen in shops !

Yes, they work hard in that land of snow,
Oh, ever so many miles away;
Where dolls are born and Christmas trees grow,
To gladden your hearts on Christmas day.

Hang up your stockings upon the bed,
Put on the pillow your curly head,
Shut up those eyes of brown and blue,
See what the morning will bring for you !

For during the night the clocks will chime
To welcome the good glad Christmas-time,
While holly and evergreen dress the wall,
Of church and cottage and house and hall.

Don't wait and watch for old Santa Claus,
He won't come in by the usual doors,
The chimney I'm told is the general way,
He enters the house on Christmas day.

I've known some babies, well, just a few !
But not a baby I ever knew,
Though he counted all night the clock tick-tock,
Had seen old Santa filling his sock.

He'll wait till each child is fast asleep,
Then into the room he'll softly creep—
I wonder he never makes a noise,
With his arms full of dolls and other toys.

Quickly he gives from his goodly store;
What socks won't hold he lays on the floor.
Then with a blessing, he steals away—
Think of the visits he has to pay !

CHRISTMAS DAY.

See what the morning has brought for you,
See eyes of brown and sweet eyes of blue.
Trumpets and drums, a Jack-in-the-box
Wonderful, beautiful, pair of socks.

Then the postman comes, late, it is true,
But comes with letters addressed to you.
Cards, and parcels and other good things,
That kind old postman merrily brings.

Just one more knock is heard at the door,
And a lovely hamper stands on the floor,
Turkey, and apples, packets of sweets,
Nuts, fruit and candy, and nice mince meats.

While bells ring from the old church steeple
A 'Merry Christmas' to all the people.
Is ever there known in all the year,
A day that anyone thinks more dear ?

Then comes the revels on Christmas night,
Brown eyes and blue are ever so bright.
Bang, go the crackers with terrible noise,
But dear to the hearts of girls and boys.

'Hunt the slipper' and 'Kiss in the ring,'
Then 'Musical chairs' they dance and sing.
I never knew music half so sweet,
As the sound of children's dancing feet.

GOOD-BYE.

But Santa lives in a world of snow,
And the time must come when he must go.
To ever so many miles away,
Let's hope we'll see him next Christmas day.
Before he goes he whispers a word
A word I've happened to've overheard—
Just think, there's many a poor wee mite
Who hasn't a dolly this Christmas night,
Who hasn't a cake or a crumb to eat,
Who never tasted a pie so sweet—
And if to Santa you would be kind
'You'll think of those he has left behind.'

Sutton.

Dear Editor,—My father is a miller, and I live near the mill. I have never been to school; but have studied at home. I have no brothers or sisters to play with; but I have five dolls, a cat and bird; so I manage to have a pretty good time.

GOLDIE, aged 8.

Yonge Mills.

Dear Editor,—I live on a very large farm. It belongs to my grandfather. He has a large number of cows, and has to go a long way to the factory; and I drive the horse, and make it go very fast. I have four sisters, Katie and Jennie, and a pair of twins, Grace and Edna. I met with a very bad accident some time ago. When I was skating I fell and broke my collar-bone, and knocked my shoulder out of joint, so I cannot write very well.

JACK, aged 7.

Fesserton.

Dear Editor,—I live between the railway track and the Georgian Bay. We have two churches, and I go to Sunday-school.

MABEL, aged 7.

A Kind Offer.

'Willow' of Minnedosa, in a letter recently published in the 'Messenger,' asked for information concerning the best way to start a Mission Band. If 'Willow' will send his full address to Theodore Nix Preston, Ont., he will receive that information.

Acknowledgments.

We have received a great many letters this year and have over two hundred still on hand. The Editor thanks all the little friends for their letters and all the kind wishes contained in them. We give to-day a list of the names of some of the letter senders, and will give another long list next week (D.V.). We hope to print most of these letters soon.

Percy Van Wart, Burns Duncan, Donald G. Dunbar, Harriet D.C., Albert E. Corbett, Maurice Stewart, Maggie S.W., Daisy Pasmore, Ruth Balliet, A.A.W., Olive Cross, Clark Cascaddan, Clyde Newcomb Myrtle L.S., Phoebe Ireland, Ethel K.C.C., Alma Fisher, Roy, William, Nema B.P., May s., Clara McCrum, Ida P. Balliet, Mary Wall, Hester Helena, Cynthia H., Martha Robertson, Margaret S., Annie Isabella B., Rosa E.L., Edwin K., Joy L., Manly W., Jennie H., Janet A.E., Leigh, Percy Fleming, M.U., Lottie Ross, Bessie Weir, Susan Edna Boyd, Bessie May, Herbert L.M., M.M.J., Edith Findlay, Myrtle Sara F., Emma Fleming, Jeanette P., Clara Russell, Maria E., Effie B. Bishop, Harold Lackay, Annie, Myrtle G.L., Bertha L. Coram, Edna, Maudie Birrell, Maggie A. Brown, Adah L. Smith, Violet Wheatley, Stella H., Etta Bidsall, Mary E.M., Harriet Maud Raymond, Frank C.A., Maggie C., Eva M.M., Aggie E., H.A. McCaig McKeracher, Ray S., Lizzie Boniface, Lottie M.S., Imogene Jonah, Maysie Y., Nellie D., Harry S.A., Ernie Clare, Annie Gilray, Leah May Forsythe, Blanche, Annie S., Ethel B., Nona J., Edith D., J. F. Sage, Olive Robinson, Katie Robinson, Walter Dyment, A.B., Ruthie, Myrtle, A.M. McL., Maggie Lindsay, Manie.

HOUSEHOLD.

Advice to a Stutterer.

'The quickest and best way to cure oneself of stuttering,' writes a recent correspondent of the New York 'Sun,' 'is not to begin to talk until one can say what he wishes to say. Wait. This I know, not from practical experience, but from being associated more or less with those who have stuttered. A young man I knew practically cured himself in a few months by this method of procedure. When he came in to report on some errand, if he could not talk without stuttering, he would stand before the one he was trying to talk to and wait until he could. Sometimes he would stand for five minutes without saying a word, and then he would say what he wished to say without stuttering. At first there was some hesitation between words but in a short time this was overcome, and one would not think to hear him talk that he was ever a stutterer. Never mind what folks think. If you find you are going to stutter, wait until you can say without stuttering what you have a desire or it is necessary for you to speak out.'

Mustard Poultices.

It requires knack to prepare these so they will not take the flesh from one's very bones, when applied. Mix two parts of flaxseed meal with one of mustard; make both into a thick paste by the addition of hot water, and spread the paste smoothly to a depth of a quarter of an inch upon a piece of soft linen, cover the plaster with a thin strip of muslin, and apply this side to the skin wherever requisite. To make a plaster successfully, the ingredients should be very smoothly mixed, so that lumps may not distress the patient, and it should be applied warm, so that chill may be avoided.

For the New Year's Day Dinner.

Roast Turkey.—In selecting a turkey a point to be remembered is that a young turkey will have smooth, black legs, and a white skin. Fill the breast of the turkey with stuffing and truss the fowl firmly. Brush all over with melted butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and dredge on a thick coating of flour. This will keep in the juices and flavor, and will also give a crisp brown crust. Bake in a moderate oven and allow fifteen minutes to the pound for a young turkey; for an old one more time will be required. Baste frequently with hot water and butter.

Cranberry Sauce.—A quart of cranberries, two cups of water, two cups of sugar. Pick over and wash the berries in cold water. Put them on in a saucepan with the water and stew till tender, then add the sugar and cook for three minutes. Pour into a bowl, and, when cold, turn out and serve.

Mashed Potatoes.—Peel and cook in boiling salted water till tender. Drain and mash. Add one tablespoon of butter and sufficient milk to moisten them, and beat with a large spoon till light and white. Beat for five minutes or more.

Creamed Cauliflower.—Wash and cut in pieces and cook in boiling salted water about twenty minutes, or until tender. Drain in a colander. Make a Bechamel sauce from one cup milk, two level tablespoonfuls butter, the same amount of flour, quarter teaspoon salt, and one-eighth teaspoon white pepper. Heat the butter, add flour, salt, and pepper, cook one minute, and add the milk gradually, stirring till smooth and thick. Pour this sauce over the cauliflower.

Scalloped Tomatoes.—One can tomatoes, two tablespoonfuls butter, two cups bread crumbs, one teaspoon salt, quarter teaspoon paprica. Butter a shallow pudding-dish, put in a layer of crumbs, then pour in the tomatoes and cover with a thick layer of crumbs, and put the butter in bits over the top. Bake in a hot oven fifteen minutes.—'Westminster.'

Our Book Corner.

'Pilkington of Uganda'—by C. F. Harford Battersby, M.A., M.D., Principal of Livingstone College—is the thrilling life story of a young Englishman who gave his life for Africa after seven years' work among the natives of Uganda.

George Pilkington was a gifted graduate of Cambridge University, and would have made his mark in any sphere. His adventures in Africa, the difficulties with his bicycle, and the history of the Uganda Church, go to make up a mission study of unusual interest. The two books, 'Mackay of Uganda' and 'Pilkington of Uganda' together give the history of that wonderful work in Africa which has made the whole Christian world familiar with the name of Uganda. (Revell Co., Toronto. Price $1.50.)

First Rate.

Some good friends in Danville, Que., came to the conclusion that as no party or great corporation backed the 'Witness,' those who appreciate sincerity and independence in a newspaper, should do what they could to promote the interests of the 'Witness' by extending its circulation.

To this end these friends of their own accord worked up a bulletin and had it printed by their local printer, and then displayed it in conspicuous places about Danville. The bulletin reads as follows:

THE 'WITNESS.'

THE 'WITNESS' has the latest and most accurate war news.

THE 'WITNESS' is never sensational yet always bright and newsy.

THE 'WITNESS' never hears the crack of party whip, for it has no masters.

THE 'WITNESS' is no counterfeit, it rings true and clear every time.

THE 'WITNESS' is the best paper for the office.

THE 'WITNESS' IS THE BEST PAPER for the shop.

THE 'WITNESS' IS THE BEST PAPER for the farm.

THE 'WITNESS' IS THE BEST PAPER for the father and the boys.

THE 'WITNESS' IS THE BEST PAPER for mother and the girls.

THE 'WITNESS IS THE BEST PAPER for the home.

Subscriptions received by

JAS. RIDDLE,
MRS. M. E. McWILLIAMS,
DR. J. A. PORTER,
GEO. O. GOODHUE.

Danville, Nov. 28, 1899.

As a result of this enterprise in behalf of the 'Witness,' quite a number of new subscriptions have been sent in for both the Daily and Weekly editions.

Another splendid 'Witness' campaign has been started by friends in Pictou County, N.S., whose first list of new subscribers amounted to fifty names. Others could do the same for the 'Witness' if they would.

What Our Friends are Saying

Ninga, Man., Nov. 5, 1899.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed find $1.00 for the 'Weekly Witness.' Have been taking your paper for three years, sending it to the old country after perusal, and they think there's nothing like it; don't know how you print it for the money.

Yours,
F. C. ALLARD.

Welble, Dak. U.S.

Dear Sir,—We all think there is no paper like the 'Witness,' none so true and reliable.

Sincerely yours,
W. J. McSPARROW.

Orillia, Ont.

Dear Sir,—I still find your editorials superior to those of any other paper read by me. Your war articles have been unusually good. They are so clear and correct in presenting the various situations of the combatants. The writer never loses his head, but is cool and judicious in his statements and strictures. As belonging to a family of soldiers, who have fought for their country for upwards of 150 years, and as an amateur student of strategy, I have great pleasure in bearing testimony to the excellence of your war articles. May our Heavenly Father soon end the awful and unnatural strife.

Yours truly,
JOHN GRAY.

Cape Cove, Gaspe, Que., Dec. 11, 1899.

Dear Sir,—I value the 'Witness' highly and have always been glad to express my opinion about it. So far as I know, it is, I think the most useful paper published in Canada; the leaders, and notes of war situation always remarkably well done.

I am, dear sirs,
Yours faithfully,
(Rev.) WILLIAM GORE LYSTER.

Canaan, N.S., Nov. 27, 1899.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed please find $1.00 subscription to 'Weekly Witness' for one year. The 'Witness' is the ideal paper for me and our family.

Yours very truly,
CLYDE McDONNELL.

Papineauville, Que., Nov. 10, 1899.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed please find $1.00 for my subscription for your admirable paper for the ensuing year. I always speak well of the 'Witness.' It is not only good in the sense of morality, but good in ability. There is a dignity and candor about its editorials which commends itself to my judgment. If one will carefully read your paper, he will certainly be a well-informed man.

Yours truly,
J. B. BROWN.

West Flamboro, Ont. Dec., 18, 1899.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed you will find $1.00 for my renewal for 'Weekly Witness.' It is a comfort to have a paper like the 'Witness' which gives one the truth of the matter.

ELIJAH LEWIS.

Campbellton, N.B., Nov., 30, 1899.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed you will find $1.00 for the renewal of my paper. I am sorry I cannot recommend your paper to my neighbors, as I have not any neighbor nearer than three miles, and am too old to canvass for it, being in my eightieth year. But I enjoy reading your paper and prefer it to any other, and have done so since I came to this country forty years ago.

Yours truly,
WM. BRAMHAM.

West River, Lot 47, Kingboro, P.E.I. Nov. 23. 1899.

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